

# CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE," "CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

No. 26. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1844.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE FIRST LUCIFER.

ABOUT this time an extraordinary event happened in the burgh, nothing less than the introduction of lucifer matches. You must know that Provost Dickson was a very funny man, always contriving some play or joke to get a laugh at amongst his companions, and turning mostly all sorts of things into a ridicule, so that the town was never well out of one piece of waggy of his till it was into another. The provost had been in Edinburgh one market-day, and had seen the things called instantaneous lights or lucifer matches at the inn where he put up. I daresay it must be fifteen years since; so you see it's not a story of yesterday that I am going to tell you. Well, the provost was uncommon taken up with the lucifers, which he thought the grandest thing he had ever seen, keeping off gas and steam; a great improvement they were surely upon the flint and tinder-box, which you might often hammer at for half an hour at a time, and not get a light after all. So the provost, what does he do but gives a friend, that was going to Edinburgh on business, eighteenpence to buy a box of lucifer matches—they were eighteenpence then, though every bare-legged bairn is now selling them for a penny. Well, no matter as to the price. The provost never regarded any expense when he had a joke in his head. His friend—it was William Thomson the merchant—brings out the box of lucifers next day, and hands it to the provost, who took him under a strict promise to keep all quiet for two or three days.

Now, you must understand, next door to the provost there was a man they called Sanders Niven, that kept a public-house, a decent quiet sort of a body as could be, with quarter boots and whings in them, and a wee gray head, and the hair aye stroked smooth over his brow. Sanders was tacksman of the customs of the burgh, and in that way was well known to the provost and the council. His house was principally for tradesmen; but there was one good back-room with a carpet in't, that answered very well for two or three of the burghesses who might be wanting to have a chat in the evening over a jug of toddy. So the provost, what does he devise but that he'll give Sanders Niven a fright with the lucifers. Why, you know, Sanders had never heard of lucifers all his days; and I daresay if you had named them to him, or given him an account of them, he would have been just as wise as before. So the provost asks Bailie Brydone, and the Dean of Guild—that's John Urquhart that was—and myself, and one or two more, into Sanders's house, where he said there was going to be a single glass of punch; and, accordingly, by eight o'clock that night we were most of us gathered round Sanders's parlour-table, where a single short-er gave us all the light we required. When Sanders

brought in the jug and glasses, the provost asked him how he did, and requested that he would come in and sit down a while, which he blithely consented to, and in five minutes in comes Sanders with his better coat on, and a clean washed face, and his hair new combed.

'Come away in bye, Sanders,' says the provost, 'and dinna sit on the door, but go into the fire, for really it's a coldish kind of night, and the wind's unco sair in the east. Have ye brought a glass for yourself, Sanders?'

'Ay, that I hae, provost—muckle obleeged to you.'

And so Sanders sat down, and the toddy was made real good by the dean, who was a grand hand at a jug. And we all began to converse on the topics of the day, the landlord taking his share of both the toddy and the chat as well as the rest. By and by we came to talk of two new improvements that the provost had a great hand in—namely, the new-seating of the kirk, and the new arrangements in the kirkyard. He had made both the living and the dead sit about most astonishingly. The provost was very great upon both subjects. It would have been nothing at all to make the living folk shift their places a little in the kirk where it was necessary; but when he began to meddle with the dead folk, there was a terrible storm raised about his ears. His object, you must know, was to make the burial-ground something neat, for it had got into strange disorder in the course of time, and there were no right walks through it. And so what does he do but makes every one of the old upright stones lie flat down upon the ground, as if they had got tired of standing so long, and were wishing for a rest; and he also had the whole surface smoothed down, and neat square stones stuck in, to mark every family's piece of ground; and then he behoved to have nice gravel walks laid out, with evergreen bushes along the sides of them; and that occasioned awful troubles, for this one came and said it cut in upon his grandfather, and that one speke up and said it went clear over the heads of his last two wives, and so on. Howsoever, our provost, who was a real clever through-going person, and a determined reformer of everything that would reform, fought his way out of all his perplexities, and made a real fine job of it at last, so that it's now said there is not a smarter or a more comfortable-looking kirkyard to be anywhere seen than ours. And so the talk went on, till we came to speak about the resurrection-men that used to be so busy in bypast years, robbing all the unsuspecting little kirkyards in the country side.

'Have a care of us!' said Bailie Brydone, 'they were dreadful folk these resurrection-men. I mind of a story that was told about them some years since. Two of them came one night to this town in a gig, and robbed the kirkyard of a corpse that was but newly put into it. It was a wright's wife they called Marshall, that lived in the Back Row; I mind o' the woman well, for she

used to help in our house at the washings. The tollman had let the two men pass through his bar that night at ten o'clock, and taken a good look at them, for they were evidently folk that did not belong to hereabouts; but he thought no more about them, till a while after twelve, when he was awakened up again to let them pass through on their way back to Edinburgh. Out he came with a lantern in the rain, grudging very sore, no doubt, to be roused up at such an untimely hour. Well, he looked up, half sleeping as he was, at the men, and was a good deal surprised to see that there was now a third person in the gig—a person like in a woman's cloak and bonnet, but seeming as if she were asleep, and not able on that account to keep up her head. However, they passed of course, and the tollman—it was a man they called Crichton—thought no more about it till a week after, when it was discovered that the figure sitting between the two men could be no other than Katy Marshall, that had been buried the day before, but was now missing out of her grave.

'Od, that's a gruesome story, bailie,' said Sanders.

'That it is,' quoth the bailie; 'but everything connected with the doctors is fearsome. I understand they are dreadful places those lecture-rooms in Edinburgh where they teach the young doctors. There's a place called Surgeon Square that could tell many a tale of horror, for it's all composed of anatomical lecture-rooms together. There was a laddie belonging to this town that went to Edinburgh and became an artist. I'm sure you'll all remember him well. A son of Thomas Porteous, the baker—a fine laddie he was, but he did not live to come to any distinction as a painter. Well, I've heard the callant myself telling a strange adventure he had once in Surgeon Square among the doctors. There was a lecturer that wished to have some paintings made of a few beautiful cases of ulceration, as he called them, though how there could be any beauty there I cannot well see. So he brought young Porteous one afternoon to draw the ulcers for him. I believe he intended to have the pictures hung up in the lecture-room, by way of a great ornament, after they were done. The laddie had brought all the proper materials for the purpose, and he set to work immediately, though he by no means liked the job. By and by the lecturer went home to his tea, and then he came back again, and attended to some business of his own in the principal room, and in process of time he quite forgot the poor laddie that was painting the beautiful ulcers up stairs. So when it began to grow dark, he went away as he was accustomed to do at that hour, locking the door behind him. Little Porteous had no idea that he was left alone in the house, till it grew too dark for him to work any longer, and then he laid down his pencils, and thought he would go and speak to the doctor to let him out. He was rather eerie when he found that the house was all so quiet and dark, and particularly when he got his fingers entangled in a hanging skeleton in the passage, as he was groping his way along. However, he kept up his heart, thinking he would find the doctor in the theatre—that's what they call the lecture-room. And so he groped along and along till he did get into the theatre; but great was his alarm when he found all dark there, and no doctor. He then knew that he had been left by accident, and was the only living being there among so many relics of the dead; and you may be sure it was a very awful consideration to a young laddie scarcely a year away from school. There was just a wee glimmering from the sky-light, that enabled him to see here and there a skeleton, or a bottled preparation of something still more horrible, such as a ginning chaft of a split-up head, or a wee monkey-like wean that had never come to life, and was now put up here to dance in a bottle o' speerits to all eternity. Oh—oh—terrible sights indeed!'

'Merciful Providence!' cried Sanders.

'Well, the laddie nevertheless, being in a kind of desperation, made his way to the door, but found it locked. He set to knocking at it with all his might;

but the sound only made a great echo in the theatre, and frightened him the more. He listened for noises in the square, but not a footstep was to be heard. He then went back to the theatre, and sat down for a while, trying all he could to avoid seeing the fearsome things. Long he sat there, half-stupified with terror, yet aye thinking that surely the doctor would remember him, and that he would next minute hear a footstep or see a light coming to his deliverance—'

At that moment the provost snuffed out the candle, and put us into the same darkness that Porteous was in, for we had hardly any light from the fire. It gave us all a great start, having been wrought up by the bailie's story into a timorous state of mind.

'I'll run to the passage to get it lighted again,' said Sanders; and he was bustling out with the short-six in his hand accordingly, when the provost, in an authoritative voice, cried—

'Stop! Sanders, set down the candle.' Which Sanders did, not knowing what to think of it.

'Rr-h-h-t! Fuff!' played something in the provost's hands, and immediately we saw a small but waxing light, blue at first, and bright afterwards, and then we were all sensible of a great smell of brimstone. And lo, in three seconds the provost had the candle lighted again.

'Aih! mercy on us!' cried Sanders in a desperate tone of voice; 'what's that? The Enemy's surely got among us. Aih! pity on me, provost, what's this you've done?' And when we looked, we saw that Sanders's hair, which was usually clapped so close down on his brow, had got half way up into an erect position, while his eyes were staring as if they would jump out of his head.

'Sit down, Sanders!' cried the provost in the same commanding voice. 'What are ye glowing there at? What harm is there in lighting the candle again, when it's been snuffed out? What are you frightened at?'

'Ou, I'm no frightened,' said Sanders mechanically, and he then sat down on the farthest away chair from the provost, trembling from head to foot. 'But, guide us a', the like o' that saw I never. What wonder! things are taking place now-a-days! There's nae reality in naething now.'

'Stuff!' said Dickison; 'such a work about re-lighting a snuffed-out candle! Bailie, go on with your story.'

'Oh, my story's just about done,' quoth the bailie; 'for I had only to tell you that after eleven o'clock, when the poor frightened laddie had been three hours in the dark theatre, w! the fearsome things all round him, the doctor came and let him out. He had gone to his bed, but fortunately came in mind of the young painter before he fell asleep. So he rose immediately, and came with a lantern, in great concern lest the callant should have been the waur o't in his mind. However, he found him quite right in that respect, although there's no saying what a whole night spent in the dark in such a place might have done.'

'Hech, but light's precious,' said Sanders, looking queerwise at the candle; 'if one only can be sure that it comes in a right way. Aih, provost, ye're surely no canny.'

'You're nothing but a fule, Sanders,' says the provost. 'Did ye never see a candle lighted before?'

'Ou ay, mony a time—but in sic a way! Have a care of us! I hope naething will come of it to harm my house, or the wife and bairns. I thought the black air had been a' at an end; but I see wonders will never cease.'

And so the chat went on again, with a great deal of fun about Sanders's fright, which we all thought had been extremely well managed, the fearsome story of the young painter having wrought his nerves up finely for the start at the flash of the light. At last, after a great deal of joking and nonsense, when we were all on our feet to go away, the provost took out the box of lucifers and gave it as a present to Sanders, to make up for the

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fright he had got. Sanders was not for touching it at first, but he soon came round when the provost showed him the way to light the matches. And then we all took our ways home, still laughing to ourselves at the rich treat of Sanders's frightened face, and thinking we never had had a funnier ploy in our born days.

It soon oozed out among the neighbours what a droll business there had been on Monday night at Sanders Niven's, and great was the curiosity to hear the story. So, night after night, parties of the town's folk met in Sanders's house to get it all from his own mouth over a jug of toddy, and see the lucifers lighted by way of illustration. It really turned out to be a grand business for Sanders, and the dean was not far wrong when he observed, in his pawky way, that Provost Dickson's lucifer match had kept the town in hot water for a fortnight.

## SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

### THE BADGER.

This is one of those unhappy animals which have long met with disrespect and persecution through ignorance of their character, habits, and general relations to animated nature. These once known, prejudices discreditable alike to man's humanity and his intelligence, vanish; nothing in the scheme of creation appears unamiable or distorted, unless when viewed through the medium of an uninformed mind.

The badger (*Meles Taxus*) is arranged by naturalists under the ursine, or bear family, because, like these animals, it is *plantigrade*; that is, rests, in standing and walking, upon the whole length of that part of the hind limb extending between what in the horse, for example, is called the *hock*, to the toes; while other animals walk upon the toes (thence called *digitigrade*). It is separated, however, into a distinct genus, of which, according to many zoologists, it is the only species; while, according to others, there are three—namely, the common, American, and Indian—each distinguished by differences greater than what would warrant their being classed as mere varieties of a single species. Be this as it may, the type is exceedingly rare and peculiar; so peculiar, indeed, that one of the ablest illustrators of Cuvier remarks, 'We might imagine that it was withdrawn from the ordinary influences which operate on animal life by some particular and inexplicable power, had we not learned rather to distrust our own conjectures than to doubt of the power, the wisdom, and the infinite benevolence of the Creator.' Agreeing with those who regard the badger as forming a distinct genus, under which are comprehended the three species above-mentioned, we shall confine our description to the common, or European species, merely remarking, that the others differ in some particulars of colour, size, length of snout, &c. more interesting to the professed zoologist than to the general reader.

The common badger (*M. Vulgaris*) is as large as a middle-sized dog, but stands much lower on the legs, and has a broader and flatter body. The head is long and pointed, like that of the bears, and the ears are almost concealed. The hair is uniformly long and coarse over the whole body, nearly touching the ground when the animal walks; and, being directed backwards, hides the greater part of the tail, which is only five or six inches in length. The body has a clumsy and shapeless appearance. In most animals, the darker shades of colour are found to predominate on the back and upper parts of the body, and the lighter shades below; but in the badgers this system is reversed. The head of the European species, for instance, is white, except the region of the chin, which is black, and two stripes of the same colour which rise on each side from the corners of the mouth, and after passing backwards, and enveloping the eye and ear, terminate at the junction of the head and neck. The throat, belly, and legs are

covered with a short black hair, and the sides and back with long hair of an ash-gray. The hair on the upper parts, however, has three different colours—being yellowish-white next the skin, black at the middle, and ash-gray towards the tips which form the external or visible portion. The skin of the animal is amazingly thick and tough; the muscles of the legs and feet, which are armed with digging claws, possess vast strength; and the jaws, from their peculiar articulation, are capable of holding on with greater tenacity than those of any other animal of double the size. In the badger we find a structure not capable of much agility, but eminently calculated for resistance and endurance. To add to its powers of defence, it is furnished, like some other animals, with a mephitic sac, by which it is enabled to surround itself with an atmosphere calculated to repel many of its enemies.

Although scattered over the northern regions of Europe and Asia, the badger is everywhere a rare animal; and in countries such as Britain, rapidly disappearing before the progress of cultivation. It frequents woods and wilds, retiring to the most solitary places, and digging for itself a burrow in some dry knoll, or taking possession of any rocky crevice or cavern which may present itself. In general it loves to fashion its own burrow, which in sandy districts consists of several winding passages and recesses, apparently formed for greater security. During danger, it retires to some of these crossings, artfully choking up the entrance with earth; and thus we have seen two days spent in digging towards the end of a burrow, while the animal lay snugly secure in one of the side recesses, which had been passed undetected by its pursuers. The burrowing powers of the badger are of the first order, and should its hole be defiled by other animals during its absence, or be subject to wet, it instantly removes, and forms for itself another habitation. Its burrow is thus regarded as a model of cleanliness, and stories are told by naturalists of the fox intentionally defiling the badger's lair, in order that he might obtain possession of a dwelling without the labour of constructing it. We cannot vouch for the truth of such stories; but this we know, that few animals are more scrupulous with regard to the cleanliness and comfort of their dwellings, or labour at their construction with greater ardour and perseverance. On this head M. F. Cuvier gives the following anecdote of two young badgers which he kept in a moat surrounded by walls, and having a large mound of earth in the middle:—'On being transferred to the moat, they first sought all round the walls for a place in which they could dig. Having discovered an empty space between two stones, the upper of which was projecting, they tried to increase it; but as it was rather elevated, they were obliged to stand on their hind feet to reach it, and with much difficulty they tore away the plaster and stone which they wanted to get rid of. The male would then several times lie down at the foot of the wall, and the female mount upon his body to reach the hole more easily, which she was trying to augment. When they found all their efforts were useless, they recommenced operations under another large stone, the only one in the place beside the former which projected; but here they encountered a resistance they could not overcome. Tired of their vain attempts on the sides of the walls under projecting stones, they turned their attention to the mound of earth, and worked, the female especially, with uncommon assiduity. At first they made little trenches all about the mound, as if to intercept and lead off the rain that might fall upon it, and then fixed themselves exactly opposite the place where they had made their second attempt against the wall. They commenced by removing the earth with their nose, then they made use of their fore paws to dig and fling the earth backwards between their hind legs. When this was accumulated to a certain amount, they threw it still farther with their hind paws; and finally, when the most distant heap of earth impeded the clearance they were making from the hole, they would



come walking backwards to remove it still farther, making use both of their hind and fore paws in this operation, and they never returned to work at their burrow until they had completely removed this heap of mould out of their way. During the night the burrow was finished.

The badger is nocturnal—sleeping all day at the bottom of its burrow, and moving about during the night in search of food. So strictly nocturnal, indeed, are its habits, that though we have kept watch in a wood, where there could not be less than sixty individuals, we never yet detected one moving about before nightfall, or later than sunrise, unless perhaps an anxious female dragging leaves and dried grass for the accommodation of her future young, and then the slightest rustle would make her dive into her den till evening. The members of this horde were equally solitary as shy, and, save during the love season, a couple of badgers was almost as rare a phenomenon as a couple of phoenixes. Respecting the food of the badger, much misrepresentation prevails, and the poor animal is often hunted down for the destruction of game, poultry, and even young lambs, of which it is wholly innocent. Roots, fallen fruits, nuts, grains, and the like, constitute its principal sustenance; though it is not averse to young birds, eggs, mice, and other vermin which may fall in its way. In captivity, flesh, eggs, bread, fish, fruits, nuts, roots, and grain, constitute its diet indifferently; but in a state of nature, its search is for vegetable, and not for animal food. Sportsmen and gamekeepers, who wage a war of extermination with the badger, have therefore very little, if any ground, for their hostility. We have known the poor fellow, bond and free, for the last twenty years, and justice compels us to set down an occasional partridge's or pheasant's egg, a dish of young rabbits or leverets, or a disabled pullet, as the head and front of his offending. Indeed the animal is rendered unfit for the chase by its peculiar structure, and few creatures, unless taken by surprise, could possibly become its victims, even were it carnivorously inclined. Depredations laid to its charge are in most cases committed by the fox, which frequently takes possession of its burrow, and this misleads the farmer, who traces the theft to the house, without considering who is the responsible tenant. The badger is by no means voracious: a small quantity of food suffices; and yet few animals are so uniformly plump and in good condition. This is mainly owing to the great amount of rest which it enjoys—sleeping at ease the whole of the day, and being dormant for a number of weeks during the cold of winter. Indeed cold weather, winter or summer, keeps him within his den; and he would rather fast for a week than set his nose to a sharp north-easter, even in the month of June. On the whole, Professor Liebig could not find, within the range of animated nature, a more apt illustration of his fattening theory than in the badger, which, in the enjoyment of rest, warmth, cleanliness, and darkness, becomes as fat as an ortolan on the scantiest fare. Its flesh, like that of the bear, is said to be highly savoury, and though the poorest Briton may turn up his nose at the idea, the richest mandarin in China could not have a greater delicacy set before him. Thus it is that a well-fatted badger is as saleable a commodity in the flesh-markets of Peking as a haunch of venison in the shambles of London.

Naturalists have generally represented the badger as stupid and inactive in the extreme. This is far from the truth, if meant to apply to the animal when in the enjoyment of its natural freedom, though in captivity it appears sullen and morose—the more so because exhibited during the day, the very period most at variance with all its habits and instincts. If taken young and kindly treated, it may be taught to follow like a dog, and to understand coaxing and reproof almost as quickly as some varieties of the canine species. When tamed, it readily distinguishes its master, but is apt to revert into sullen fits, and to bite, when meddled with by those with whom it is unacquainted. That it possesses great

activity and perseverance, the story related by M. F. Cuvier fully demonstrates; and few who have studied it in its native haunts can doubt of its sagacity. We have often admired the sense which the badger displays on a windy night in autumn, when the ground is of course sure to be strewn with fruits and nuts shaken from the trees. It may have slept in utter idleness for a fortnight before; but scarcely has the wind arisen, when forth it sallies, apparently determined to act upon the old maxim of making hay when the sun shines. That it is not the stupid and sluggish creature represented, is disproved by its burrow, which at all times is a model of cleanliness and comfort; and the artful manner in which it sometimes closes the mouth of its den, so as to make it look desolate and deserted, evinces a degree of cunning little inferior to that displayed by the fox. Its scent is keen, and the care with which it tries to avoid being entrapped is often highly amusing. We recollect an old dog-badger (in the wood to which we have alluded) against which as old a gamekeeper carried on relentless hostilities, but for a long time to no purpose. One whole summer was consumed in manœuvring to entrap him; winter came round, and his dormancy obtained him some respite. Next summer, on hostilities being resumed, he shifted his burrow; but this availed him little—the gamekeeper hemmed him in with his traps and dogs as closely as ever. However, to his new domicile he had had the sagacity to prepare two entrances, and October returned before his enemy, long-headed as he was, had made the discovery. Truce was accordingly made for another winter, only, however, to give breathing-time for redoubled activity and stratagem during the ensuing campaign. In May, one of the entrances was thoroughly closed, and the more exposed one surrounded by snares of various sorts; still badger was not to be done. It would have been easy to have despatched him with a rifle, for he was frequently seen during the moonlight nights and dewy mornings; but his capture, not his death, was the object of the enemy. At length the gamekeeper fell upon a scheme which proved in part successful. He abandoned the warfare for weeks, and took care that not a footstep should pass within several hundred yards of the burrow, in order to put badger off his guard, and allow him if possible to relapse into security. On a sudden the traps were reset, and the first night witnessed the capture of the female, which seemed young and 'green,' compared with her subtle and wary partner. After this the old dog did not show his nose above ground for a fortnight; so closely indeed did he keep to his den, that the enemy had almost given him up as dead of a broken heart. By and by he began to look out, and at last sallied forth either in quest of food or of another companion to keep his den warm. Now the devices of the pursuer were doubled on every side, but the scent of the old dog had not failed him; he once more abandoned his dwelling, and dug for himself another in one of the remotest corners of the forest. Being again detected, a new device was had recourse to, and the old dog-badger fell its victim. One night he was watched from a neighbouring tree until he had fairly quitted his lair, and during his absence all the approaches were beset with gins and traps. The gamekeeper and his party again ascended the tree, and as morning approached, a smart breeze and an early sun brushed away the dew, and obliterated every trace and scent of their feet. Here they watched with anxious impatience till badger was seen shuffling along towards his den, snuffing and scenting lest he should incautiously drop his foot into the trap he had so long and dexterously avoided. When about fifty yards from the burrow, notwithstanding all his caution, he trod upon the spring of a trap; smack it went, but the grass which concealed it muffled its action, and the old dog stood free. Now he was in double difficulty, and would undoubtedly have turned his back upon his new habitation, had not his pursuers dropped from the tree. This surprise discon-

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certed him; he rushed blindly towards his burrow, and just when about to show them his tail, was caught by the last trap in his way, and made captive after a glorious resistance.

Like the bears, the badger has great power of claw, and like them, also, he bites with great force and tenacity. These powers, conjoined with a tough hide and coating of long hair, endow him with astonishing powers of resistance; and thus he was at one time made the object of cruel sport to the populace of this country. Badger-baiting, once so prevalent in rural districts, is now almost unknown, though the change, we believe, has been brought about as much by the increasing scarcity of the animal, as by the improved morality of the people. Those who consider the badger as a stupid and insignificant animal, had only to see him upon these occasions to be convinced of his strength and courage. Chained by the hind-leg, and cooped in a barrel with one of the ends broken out, but furnished with some cross bars to afford him points of defence, poor badger was placed in the midst of the village green, and successively baited by the dogs of the neighbourhood, an umpire being placed to administer a sort of justice between his exhibitor and the owners of his antagonists. Stakes were generally taken and forfeited—paid by the former if the dogs drew forth the badger from his crib, and by the latter if he resisted their efforts, or sent them off limping and howling from the wounds he had inflicted. The last exhibition of this kind which we witnessed was in a Lowland village about fourteen years ago. Badger had dismissed a dozen dogs bleeding and cowed from his den, and his keeper had pocketed as many half-crowns, when his own dog—one of the best baiters in the district—was let loose. The badger, being worn out, was, after a short struggle, drawn from his den; but when out, the dog proceeded too incautiously to turn him over, and in doing so received a mortal wound in the abdomen. This so enraged the exhibitor, that the poor brock (a name common in Scotland, and also in Germany for the badger) was thrown exposed to the other dogs, against the remonstrances of the spectators, whose sympathies were now on the side of the sufferer: a meleé ensued, and broken heads and weakened eyes terminated the disgraceful scene. We believe this was the last exhibition of the kind in that district, over which the hand of cultivation has passed so thoroughly, that not a badger is now to be found; and over which, let us add with pride, that culture of another kind has made such progress, that though the animal did exist in scores, no man would incur the odium which the inhumanity of badger-baiting were sure to bring down upon him.

Notwithstanding that the cruel sport of baiting is all but abandoned, the badger is still hunted and destroyed without cause wherever he is found to exist. Did we cook him as they do in China, or did we hunt him for his skin and hair, which are really valuable, there might be some ground of excuse; but no economical object being in view, it is out of mere wantonness and unthinking cruelty that sportsmen and others continue the war of extermination. The fox, as a destroyer of game and poultry, becomes an enemy in civilised countries; the badger, as a solitary, shy, retiring animal, innocuous in all its habits and pursuits, may be fairly left to that natural process of extinction which evidently at no great distance awaits him. The elk, bear, beaver, wild boar, and wolf, have passed from the fauna of our island within the historic period; why not let the scattered remnants of the badger follow in peace? But, independent of his quiet and innocuous habits, the badger has claims to man's forbearance and protection on other grounds: he is, says Professor Owen, 'the oldest known species of Mammal now living on the face of the earth.' Strange! that this despised and insignificant little animal can boast of a more ancient descent than any of his fellow quadrupeds; and that, though abused and trampled upon, he is in reality the oldest hereditary occupant of the British soil. His bones have been

found fossil in the lowest tertiary strata; he was the cotemporary of the megatheriums, mammoths, mastodons, and other huge mammalia of that period; he has survived those terrestrial changes under which they perished; and now haunts the woods and wilds of the present epoch as he did those of other eras before man was placed upon earth as the head of animated nature. What a wondrous tale would the history of this little animal unfold, could we trace it through all the changes which it must have witnessed from the dawn of its being until now! In all this the reflecting mind will find much to interest and instruct, and it may perhaps lead some to regard with a higher fellow-feeling even the humblest living unit in creation. That which the Creator has so long upheld, cannot be without its uses in the complicated scheme of nature; and let us rest assured, that where we do not appreciate, it is because through our ignorance we are unable to comprehend.

#### PALLME'S TRAVELS IN KORDOFAN.

For a number of years Egypt has offered a field for mercantile enterprise to different European nations—Germans, Italians, French, and English, having each endeavoured, under sufferance of the Pacha, to open up and push speculations into new channels. As commercial men seldom write books, the world is left somewhat in the dark respecting the condition and prospects of Egypto-Frankish trading establishments, and we only now learn from a work before us—'Travels in Kordofan'—that mercantile houses send out missions for purposes of trade into remote regions in the occupancy of Mehemet Ali. The work to which we refer is singular of its kind—the journey of a commercial traveller in Central Africa—and furnishes us with a variety of information regarding districts which have hitherto, from their remoteness, been little visited or known. The writer, Ignatius Pallme, a Bohemian by birth, was deputed by an establishment at Cairo to undertake a journey to Kordofan, in the hope of discovering new channels of traffic; and therefore, to men engaged in large commercial transactions with Africa, the details presented on the subject of trade will doubtless possess a peculiar value. A few extracts from the information of a more general nature comprised in the volume will perhaps be perused with interest by our readers.

Kordofan, one of the most southern provinces of Africa, conquered and held in tribute by the viceroy of Egypt, is for the most part a desert region, with few towns beside Lobeid, the capital, and inhabited by mixed races, among which Arabs and negroes form no inconsiderable portion. The people for the most part lead a wandering life, occupying themselves with flocks and herds, and engaging in a little traffic with the Egyptians, or in slave hunts among neighbouring nations, at the instigation of the remorseless government to which they have become subject. Certain districts are luxuriant and beautiful, comparable indeed only to an earthly paradise, but the climate is far from wholesome, and for some months the heat is insupportable. During the middle of the day, or from eleven to three o'clock, the thermometer, we are told, stands at from 117 to 122 degrees, and no breathing creature can then remain in the open air. 'Man sits during these hours as if in a vapour bath, his cheerfulness of disposition declines, and he is almost incapable of thought; listless, and with absence of mind, he stares vacantly before him, searching in vain for a cool spot. The air breathed

is as if it proceeded from a heated furnace, and acts in so enervating a manner on the animal economy, that it becomes a trouble even to move a limb. All business ceases, everything is wrapped in a sleep of death, until the sun gradually sinks, and coolness recalls men and animals again into life and activity. The nights, on the other hand, are so sharp, that it is necessary to be more careful in guarding against the effects of cold in this country than in the northern parts of Europe during the severest winter, for the consequences frequently prove fatal. Throughout the year day and night are equally divided, and, as in all tropical countries, there is no twilight; for with sunset night begins. During the dry season, everything appears desolate and dismal: the plants are burned up; the trees lose their leaves and appear like broom; no bird is heard to sing; no animal delights to disport in the gladness of its existence; every living being creeps toward the forest to secrete itself, seeking shelter from the fearful heat; save that, now and then, an ostrich will be seen traversing the desert fields in flying pace, or a giraffe hastening from one oasis to another.

Droughts of more than usual severity, by ruining the harvest and destroying the vegetation, lead to great misery, in consequence of the inability of the people to meet the excessive taxation imposed by the government. 'In the year 1838 the inhabitants of several villages were forced, in consequence of an unsuccessful harvest, to take refuge in a forest, and to live upon fruits, and on milk; but the government knew very well where to find them, and took away all their cattle. When a village has nothing left wherewith to pay its taxes, it is obliged to find a certain number of slaves, who are drafted as recruits into the various regiments, or publicly sold; in the former case, the government receives these slaves at a value of 150 to 300 piastres (L.1, 10s. to L.3) each; children at 30 piastres, or more; but always below the market price, in order that Mehemet Ali, the great slave-merchant, may gain something by the bargain at the expense of his oppressed subjects. A great portion of the imposts is even now paid in slaves; and on these occasions truly revolting scenes frequently take place. It is, indeed, much easier in this country to find a slave than a dollar of ready money, and this state of things is on the increase. With what right, may I ask, is Mehemet Ali called by many Europeans the civiliser of his country, when we have ample proof of his forcing his people to steal slaves in order to be able to satisfy his claims as regent? The author proceeds to show, that by properly bringing out the resources of the country, the seizure of slaves for revenue might be altogether avoided; but while the present ruler of Egypt exists, there can be no anticipations of any such change. Slave-hunting continues to this day in Senaar by his authority, and thousands of unhappy beings are annually carried off by violence to be sold in the market of Cairo, and sent to different parts of the Levant. We gladly turn from the description given by the author of these horrors to matters somewhat more pleasing.

Among some of the tribes in Kordofan travellers are received with great kindness; everything they can require is brought freely to them, and a hut is abandoned to their service. On one occasion M. Palme experienced friendly treatment of this nature in the house of a sheikh of the Bakkara, where he had an opportunity of attending the toilet of an African lady. 'The women and girls are very talkative and friendly with those they know; they all shook hands with me, and made repeated inquiries about my health, and frequently asked me what I wished to eat or drink. Nor are they by any means shy, for I even had the opportunity of being present at the toilet of a sheikh's wife. The lady sat on a bedstead surrounded by a number of young and beautiful negro girls, upon each of whom a particular duty was incumbent. The one fanned away the flies with a handful of ostrich feathers, whilst the others arranged her hair, an occupation requiring several

hours for its performance; for it is no easy task to open all the matted curls with a single pointed wooden peg. A third slave washed her feet; a fourth ground sulphur to a fine powder between two stones; another slave held a gourd filled with merissa in her hand, to offer her mistress a cooling draught whenever she might demand it; while another girl held a cup containing more than one pound of melted butter, which was poured over the lady's head as soon as the hair was undone. All the butter that dropped off her hair to her back was rubbed in over the whole body by an additional attendant. In conclusion, her head was powdered with the fine flour of sulphur, which was strewn by handfuls over her greasy hair, where every single grain remained adherent. A massive golden ring was now inserted in her nostrils, and two bracelets of ivory, about two inches in breadth, were put upon her arms. On her forehead three pieces of amber, about the size of a gold coin, were hung, and round her neck were put several strings of beads formed of Bohemian glass. A piece of cotton stuff was wound round her loins, the one end of which was thrown gracefully over her right shoulder, and thus the toilet of this black princess was completed. She now admired herself once more in the mirror, represented by half a gourd filled with water. \* \* The women are, without exception, handsome, and are treated very well by their husbands. Their occupation consists in cooking and attending to other domestic duties.'

Superstitions of various kinds prevail among this simple people, one being a belief in the power of charms and amulets, to which they resort for relief in cases of illness. On one occasion our traveller, when struck with a serious malady which would not yield to the medicines with which he was provided, was subjected to the imaginary influence of different charms, and these failing in their efficacy, a plan almost certain to kill or cure was resorted to. 'As soon as the prophetic had taken her departure, the women lifted me out of bed, seated me down on a bundle of straw with my back to the door, took off my shirt, and, as I was too weak to sit in an upright position, held me up by passing their arms under mine. I suddenly felt a shock through my whole frame, which deprived me of breath for a few moments, for they poured a whole basketful of cold spring water over my feverish body. Hundreds of others would have instantly expired, but my sound constitution enabled me to survive this douche. I was immediately dried, returned to bed, and covered with empty sacks and sheep-skins. I felt somewhat relieved, and fell asleep, a refreshment I had not enjoyed for a long time. On awaking, the women told me that I had perspired but very slightly, and that the douche must be repeated to put me into a thorough sweat. I allowed this hazardous proceeding to be repeated, because I had no other choice. The operation was performed in the same manner as on the former occasion, but it did not produce so violent a shock, because I was prepared for it. After this bath I perspired so freely, that, on waking, I believed myself to be in a second bath. This proceeding, however, broke through the chain of morbid symptoms, and I felt so much relieved, that I was able to rise from my bed and walk about for a short time in the shade of the palm-trees. As soon as the rumour spread in the village that I was recovering, the inhabitants all flocked around to greet me, and to congratulate me on my convalescence. A fire was lighted before my hut at night, round which the people danced at my recovery. I regaled them with merissa, and all were happy and merry. My convalescence proceeded now very rapidly, and I was in a short time able to resume my journey.'

In Kordofan, as in many countries in the East, beings of imbecile intellect are esteemed a species of saints, or as, says Palme, 'direct apostles of God, to inform the children of man of their destiny. These poor wretches are all but idolized, every one being anxious to show them the utmost respect. When they walk out in the

streets, their feet are every where general, they are most thought if they rents, si how to accept these so consult answers as a co taught to gue answer, absolute word of agrees are the women fession i persons and well and of p though fertility At Lo for the graphic charge of horror b in its wa of the m daily, an speaking should t categoric the patie one of m Apoth Nurse. Apoth. drachm c no other physic. Nurse. Apoth. Nurse. days he v Apoth. Nurse. tients tell four night miting. Apoth. gives to t I know n No. 8 say Nurse. baby be nothing n Apoth. Nurse. tion incre Apoth. section, fo position a dred piast tery in pe invalided. Nurse. what is th think it is Such is misery, fro



streets, they are stopped by old and young, who kiss their face, hands, and even their feet, and offer them everything they wish for. Beings of this description are generally very apathetic, and accept little or nothing; they are, in fact, generally to be met dressed in the most disgusting clothes, in rags, or utterly naked, although they would be provided with the finest raiment if they merely expressed the slightest wish. Their parents, sisters, or other relations, on the other hand, know how to turn their misfortune to the best account, and accept considerable presents for their intercession with these saints, or for procuring others an opportunity of consulting this oracle. They give the most ridiculous answers to questions that are put to them, partly as a consequence of their fatuity, and partly because taught to do so; it is, indeed, scarcely possible at times to guess at their meaning. The more absurd the answer, the more contented is the party interested; and absolutely delighted if he can only make out a single word of the whole rhodomontade which in the slightest agrees with his wishes. Besides these saints, there are others, and Fakéers, who write amulets, which the women wear on their arms or heads. The latter profession is exceedingly lucrative, and I have seen several persons who had made a small fortune in this manner, and well understood the art of imposing on the people, and of persuading them to purchase a fresh charm, although experience must have convinced them of the futility of the last.

At Lobeid the traveller visited the hospital set apart for the sick troops of Mehemet Ali, and presents a graphic picture of this miserable den, which, under the charge of an ignorant Arabian apothecary, is held in horror by the invalided soldiers who are forced within its walls. The apothecary, who performed the duty of the medical man in the infirmary, paid his visit once daily, and on his arrival there, it depended, properly speaking, on the nurses what medicines the patients should take. This apothecary usually commenced a categorical conversation with the nurse, without seeing the patients; the following dialogue took place during one of my visits to the establishment.

*Apothecary.* How is No. 1?

*Nurse.* He is still feverish.

*Apoth.* It cannot be helped, for I have not had a drachm of quinine for several months past, and I have no other febrifuge; he will get better in time without physic. How is No. 2?

*Nurse.* He died last night.

*Apoth.* And is No. 3 no better?

*Nurse.* He wants nothing further, for in two or three days he will be dead.

*Apoth.* How is No. 7?

*Nurse.* I don't understand his complaint. The patients tell me he has not been able to sleep for the last four nights; he has no appetite, and is continually vomiting.

*Apoth.* (Making up some tincture of opium, which he gives to the nurse.) There, that is to make him sleep; I know nothing about the other symptoms. What does No. 8 say for himself? Has his dysentery diminished?

*Nurse.* No, it has rather increased, and it will probably be all over with him this evening, so he wants nothing more; but No. 9 may be discharged to-day.

*Apoth.* How is No. 35?

*Nurse.* I think he ought to be bled, for the inflammation increases.

*Apoth.* I will have nothing at all to do with venesection, for I might be placed in the same unpleasant position as Dr Ali Effendi, from whose pay three hundred piastres were deducted because he divided the artery in performing the operation, and the soldier was invalidated. Is there no increase?

*Nurse.* Three patients; two fevers, and I don't know what is the matter with the third, but my comrades think it is gout.

Such is the form of medical practice in this place of misery, from which few inmates, as we are told, escape

with life. The narrator observes, that 'if the other inhabitants of Lobeid died in the same ratio, the capital of Kordofan would be totally depopulated in less than fifty years.'

## BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

FRANCIS, DUKE OF BRIDGEWATER.

ALTHOUGH canals were in use in China and Egypt at a comparatively early date, and were adopted in Holland, Italy, and France in the beginning of the seventeenth century, yet this country was without any such means of transit until 1761. In that year the first English canal was opened, and for it we are indebted to the subject of these memoirs.

Francis Egerton, sixth Earl, and third and last Duke of Bridgewater, was born on the 21st May 1736. He was the youngest of five sons, all of whom appear to have been sickly, and, except himself, short-lived. Before he had attained the age of eleven, his father and three of his brothers had died. His brother John, who succeeded to the title, only enjoyed it for a short time, and on the 26th of February 1747-8, Francis became Duke of Bridgewater at the early age of twelve. Various circumstances concurred to prevent his education from being well attended to. His mother married, in the first year of her widowhood, Sir Thomas Littleton, and consequently he had but a small share of her attention and guardianship. He was, moreover, so weak and sickly, that his mental capacity was at one time suspected, and steps were taken to set him aside in favour of the next heir to the title. These were not, however, persevered in, and his health improved with his growth. His guardians sent him at the age of seventeen to make the tour of Europe, selecting for his companion and tutor Robert Wood, an eminent traveller, and author of the well-known works on Troy, Babel, and Palmyra. It is supposed that the artificial water-courses which he saw in the south of France and in Italy left impressions which had an effect long afterwards in determining his mind to those works by which his name has become famous. Little, however, can be ascertained concerning this tour, and there is no reason to believe that the young duke visited Holland, which has always been the head quarters of canals and canal navigation. Neither is it clearly known how he employed himself from his return to England to the attainment of his majority. It is, however, certain that he went through the career of fashionable young men of that age and date. The Racing Calendar bears witness that in 1756 he began to keep race-horses. He occasionally rode races in person; for, although in after-years a bulky man, he was at this period so extremely light and slender, that a bet was jestingly offered that he would be blown off his horse. One of his racing feats was performed in Trentham park against a jockey of royal blood, the Duke of Cumberland. As an illustration of the sort of amusements in which the aristocracy indulged at that period, we may add, that during his royal highness's visit, a building was hastily run up at Trentham for the playing of skittles. Prison-bars, and other village games, were also instituted for the recreation of the noble guests.

A romantic circumstance is said to have caused the young Duke of Bridgewater to banish himself from the fashionable world and its follies. The reigning beauties of the court at that time were two daughters of an Irish gentleman named Gunning, the elder of whom had married Lord Coventry, the other being the young widow of James, Duke of Hamilton. With the widowed beauty his grace of Bridgewater fell violently in love; his suit was accepted, and the preliminaries of the marriage were entered on. But some rumours detrimental to the reputation of Lady Coventry meanwhile reached his ears, and believing them, perhaps too hastily, he attempted to hamper the match with the condition, that the lady of his choice should

give up her intimacy with the object of suspicion. Sisterly affection, as might be expected, revolted at such a condition; but the duke persevered, and the negotiation was broken off. Not many months after, the Duchess of Hamilton married John Campbell, afterwards the Duke of Argyll. That prince of gossips, Horace Walpole thus alludes to the affair in his letter to Marshal Conway, dated January 28, 1759: 'You and M. de Boreil may give yourself what airs you please of settling cartels with expedition. You do not exchange prisoners with half so much alacrity as Jack Campbell and the Duchess of Hamilton have exchanged hearts. It is the prettiest match in the world since yours; everybody likes it but the Duke of Bridgewater and Lord Coventry.'

So little did the duke like the match, so deep an impression had the lady made on his heart, that, says the *Quarterly Review*,\* 'to a great extent he abandoned society, and is said never to have spoken to another woman in the language of gallantry. A Roman Catholic,' continues the reviewer, 'might have built a monastery, tenanted a cell, and died a saint. The duke, at the age of twenty-two, betook himself to his Lancashire estates, made Brindley† his confessor, and died a benefactor to mankind.' Good reasons may, however, be adduced to prove that less morbid, certainly more manly motives, induced Duke Francis to retire from fashionable life, for the purpose of carrying out his great project. We have before had occasion to remark, that the historians of celebrated persons often display a propensity to impute the first impulses of genius to some striking incident, and this appears to be the case in the present instance. Firstly, we find that the young duke did not immediately betake himself to the bogs of Lancashire on breaking off the match with his mistress, for another of Horace Walpole's epistles (one dated March 9, 1759, and addressed to Sir Horace Mann) relates that Bridgewater gave a grand ball at his house in London, and this was at least three months after the Duchess of Hamilton's engagement to 'Jack Campbell' became publicly known. Again, all the time the Duke of Bridgewater was courting the beautiful widow, another and far less romantic business was going on in which he had a warm interest, namely, a bill in parliament to enable him to cut the very canal to which he afterwards devoted his exclusive attention. The royal assent was given to this bill in the same month in which the grand ball occurred. The ball, indeed, may have been given to celebrate the passing of the bill. It is clear, however, that immediately after he had armed himself with an act of parliament, he vigorously set to work to carry out its provisions.

Among other possessions which he inherited, the duke had extensive coal-fields at Worsley, about seven miles from Manchester. This valuable property lay unproductive and untouched, merely because the expense of land-carriage would have raised the remunerative price of the coals above their market value. It was to remedy this that the young duke obtained parliamentary authority to form a canal from Worsley to Salford, adjoining Manchester. To carry out the provisions of the act, with a resolution which, in a man only one year past his majority, was as rare as it was praiseworthy, he turned his back on all the fascinations and *eclet* of a London life, to fix his residence in the Worsley manor-house, insalubriously situated on the edge of Chat Moss. Possessed of large though somewhat encumbered estates, he confined his personal expenditure to within £400 per annum, resolving to devote every remaining shilling of his income to his novel and arduous undertaking. Happily, in looking round for practical allies, his choice fell on two persons who, of all others, were best able to work out his design. These were James Brindley and John Gilbert. The

former was a mill-wright, who, though he had obtained some reputation from improvements made in silk-weaving and in grinding flints for the Staffordshire potteries, was yet willing to engage himself to his noble employer at the low salary of half-a-crown per day, which was afterwards raised to one guinea per week. Gilbert (brother of Thomas Gilbert who originated the parochial unions which bear his name) was a land agent, and acted for the duke in the capacity of overseer, engineer, and general man of business. Round the humble hearth of the black and white timbered manor-house of Worsley, or of the still humbler village-inn, these two men of simple means and humble attire planned and contrived from time to time the practical details of the duke's undertaking.

During the early progress of the work, it was discovered that the line chosen and prescribed in the act of parliament would be less advantageous to the public than if it were carried into Manchester, with a branch to Longford bridge, Stretford. But to effect this, two formidable difficulties presented themselves: in the first place, a new act would have to be obtained; in the second, a river (the Irwell) was to be crossed. The interest and political connexions of the duke soon got over the first difficulty; but the idea of a canal being made to cross another water-course, never having entered the head of any engineer of the day, was deemed utterly impracticable. Brindley, however, was not so easily daunted. After a careful survey of the new line, he decided upon building an aqueduct over the Irwell near Barton bridge. The notion was looked upon by those who were made acquainted with it much in the same light as we now regard aerial navigation—as an insane project never to be realised. Even the duke was startled, and called in the advice of a second engineer eminent in his day, but rendered only eminent since by the unhappy reply he made to the duke when the site of the proposed aqueduct was shown to him. 'I have often heard,' he said, 'of castles in the air, but never before was shown where any of them were to be erected.' Nothing daunted by this verdict, the duke ordered the aqueduct to be commenced. The works, begun in 1760, were carried on with so much energy and success, that on the 17th of July 1761 the aqueduct was ready for water to be admitted into it. This was an intensely anxious moment for all parties concerned. The duke and Gilbert remained cool and collected, to superintend the operation which was to confirm or confute the clamour with which the project had been assailed. Brindley, however, unequal to the crisis, ran away, and hid himself in Stretford. The water was admitted into the artificial channel, and instead of causing the arches to give way, as had been prognosticated, it passed over them without one drop oozing through; and has continued—necessary repairs excepted—to do so from that day to the present. This was a great triumph in many respects, for it proved at a glance the superiority of still water to running streams for navigation to whoever watched the contrast presented by the transit on the canal above to that on the river below. Nothing surprised spectators more than to see 'a boat loaded with forty tons drawn over the aqueduct with great ease by a mule or a couple of men, while below, against the stream of the Irwell, persons had the pain of beholding ten or twelve men tugging at an equal draught.'

The vast expense incurred by these works often involved the Duke of Bridgewater in perplexing pecuniary struggles. It is well known that at one time his credit was so low, that his bill for £500 could scarcely be cashed in Liverpool. Under such difficulties, Gilbert was employed to ride round the neighbouring districts of Cheshire, and borrow from farmers small sums (some of them as low as £10), which, when collected, were sufficient to meet the pressing demands for

\* See *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxxiii. p. 305.

† For a life of this celebrated engineer, see vol. iii. page 141, of this Journal.

\* The history of the Inland Navigations, particularly that of the Duke of Bridgewater. London, 1785.



Saturday night. On one of these occasions an adventure befell him of no very agreeable nature. While journeying on, he was joined by a horseman who, after some conversation, proposed that they should change horses, and as the stranger's may have been the better of the two, Gilbert consented, and the man rode off. On alighting afterwards at a lonely inn, Gilbert was surprised to be greeted with mysterious marks of recognition by the landlord, who, addressing him as if he were perfectly cognisant of the object of his journey, 'hoped his saddle-bags were well filled.' The mystery was presently explained; for Gilbert discovered that he changed horses with a highwayman whose steed had become so notorious on the road, as to increase to a dangerous degree the danger of recognition and capture by the officers of justice.\* Gilbert was seldom unsuccessful in these borrowing expeditions, so highly was his master respected all over the country, and the duke was enabled to struggle on to the completion of his project. The whole of the works, including eighteen miles of underground canal in the Worsley coal mines, are said to have cost £168,000.

This enormous outlay must have brought a rapid return, for scarcely had the first project been completed, when the duke obtained from parliament (in 1762) the necessary powers to extend his canal to Liverpool by the river Mersey. Subsequent acts were granted, and the duke, with the assistance of his skilful ally, Brindley, finished this extended line in five years. It is twenty-seven miles long, and all on the same level, so that no more than one lock was necessary; but some of the embankments are very high, for the canal is carried over broad and deep valleys, and crosses the Mersey and the Bollon. Of course, the instant the greater work was completed, additional pecuniary returns poured in to repay the persevering duke for all his outlay and anxieties. Nor was he the only person benefited. To show what advantages the public reaped from his undertakings, it is only necessary to state, that, previous to the opening of the canal, the charge for carriage by water was 12s. per ton, and by land 40s., whilst by the mode of transit he had established, it was reduced to 6s., or exactly one-half less than the cheaper of the old modes of conveyance. The Worsley and Manchester Canal reduced the price of coals in the latter town by more than one-half; for the old charge was 7d. per cwt., while the duke's coal was sold for 3d., and six score were given to the hundred-weight.

These overwhelming advantages soon induced others to imitate the Duke of Bridgewater's example. In 1766 the Grand Trunk navigation was commenced, and finished in 1777. It joins the duke's canal at Preston Brook, uniting it with the river Trent, Birmingham, London, and Bristol. After this, artificial water-courses were cut in every part of this country—

Till smooth canals, across the extended plain,  
Stretch their long arms to join the distant main. \* \*  
O'er the lone waste the silver urn they pour,  
And cheer the barren heath and sullen moor. \* \*  
Now meeting streams in artful mazes glide;  
While each unmingled pours a separate tide;  
Now through the hidden veins of earth they flow,  
And visit sulphurous mines and caves below;  
The ductile streams obey the guiding hand;  
And social plenty circles round the land.†

Thus, from the comparatively small beginning made by the Duke of Bridgewater's Worsley Canal, every district of Great Britain is now intersected with these convenient water-courses, of which we can trace on the map 110 lines, amounting in length to 2400 miles.

When the Grand Trunk Canal was finished, branching as it did into the Bridgewater line, it of course brought to the latter a vast accession of traffic; but the duke liberally forbore to raise the dues, as he well might have done. It is likely, however, that he could, even at

that early period of his success, well afford to act with liberality. That he was no loser by his forbearance, may be inferred from the fact, that when Mr Pitt imposed an income tax in 1798, the return made by the man who had formerly been driven to the necessity of sending round to his neighbours to borrow small sums of money, was £110,000 per annum; and to the loyalty loan, asked by the government some years later, he contributed £100,000 at one time, and all in ready money!

It appears that, during the progress of his canals, the duke personally superintended the works with such assiduity, that he was familiarly known to almost every person in the neighbourhood, not only of Worsley, but of Manchester and Liverpool. 'His surviving contemporaries among this class mention his name with invariable affection and reverence. Something like his phantom presence still seems to pervade his Lancashire neighbourhood, before which those on whom his heritage has fallen shrink into comparative insignificance. "The duke's" horses still draw the duke's boats; the duke's coals still issue from the duke's levels; and when a question of price is under consideration—What will the duke say? is as constant an element of the proposition as if he were forthcoming in body to answer the question.\*'

Whether his mind was too deeply absorbed in canals to allow him to think of matrimony, or his love affair with the Duchess of Hamilton had really left a lasting impression, cannot of course be decided; but the duke lived and died a bachelor. It would seem that, during the after-part of his life, he seldom resided in London; at all events he kept no establishment there, but adopted the singular expedient of allowing a friend (Mr Carvill) £2000 a-year to be allowed to live with him when in town, and to invite what friends he pleased when he wished to entertain them. This engagement lasted till a late period of the duke's life, when the death of Mr Carvill ended the contract. The humble Worsley manor-house was most likely abandoned when his canals were completed. In 1797 we find him at Trentham, one of his great estates. Latterly, he acquired a taste for collecting pictures, which he did with such judgment and liberality, that, after his demise, his gallery was valued at £150,000.

The Duke of Bridgewater having by some accident taken a cold, which rapidly became aggravated to influenza, died at his house in Cleveland Row on the 8th of March 1803, in his sixty-seventh year. The property he left behind was immense; that in Lancashire alone having been estimated to produce from fifty to eighty thousand pounds per annum. This estate he bequeathed to his nephew, the late Duke of Sutherland, whose son, Lord Francis Egerton, now enjoys it. The dukedom became extinct, but the earldom descended to a distant relative.

The person of Francis, Duke of Bridgewater, was in his later days large and unwieldy; and he seemed careless about his dress, which was uniformly a suit of brown, something of the cut of Dr Johnson. His habits were temperate for those days of hard drinking; but he was greatly addicted to tobacco. He is said to have smoked more than he talked. The pleasures of the table, and, indeed, domestic enjoyments in general, had few attractions for him. What has been said of his coadjutor Gilbert, may with justice be applied to his manners and character—namely, that he was a 'practical, persevering, out-door man.' He preserved his love of riding to the last; and even in his reduced establishment at Worsley there were two horses and a groom. He was taciturn on all subjects except on his favourite one of canals, upon which he always had much to say. As a proof of his far-sighted shrewdness, it is mentioned that, in a conversation with Lord Keayon, about the time he was beginning to reap the profits of his perseverance and sacrifices, when the learned judge

\* Quarterly Review, vol. lxxiii.

† Mrs Barbauld.

\* Quarterly Review.

congratulated him on the result, 'Yes,' he replied, 'we shall do well enough if we can keep clear of those (we omit his grace's habitual oath) tram-roads.' How completely has this fear been realised! Railroads, of which the trams used at the Northumberland coal-mines in the duke's time were the forerunners, threaten so materially to affect the canal interests, that a paragraph has recently been going the round of the papers, by which an intention is intimated of draining the Bridgewater Canal, and to convert it into a railroad.

### JOURNEYINGS IN AMERICA BY A YOUNG ADVENTURER.

#### NIAGARA—HABITS OF CANADIAN FARMERS—CONCLUSION.

In spite of its coldness, the winter in America is more pleasant than in England; the air is more fresh, pure, and invigorating. In the middle of the day the firmament is all of a beautiful deep blue colour, and the sun, unveiled by a single cloud, shines down brightly and warmly. On a fine morning in the month of March I got up early to see the Falls of Niagara in their wintry aspect, having arrived at Drummondsville late on the preceding evening. The scene was much more magnificent than in summer. From between banks whose dazzling white ground was relieved by dark green pines, the cataract came thundering down, bearing on its bosom immense masses of ice, which, suddenly transferred from the broad stream to the comparatively narrow passage at the commencement of the rapids, met with a thundering crash, and ground one another into myriads of fragments. Through the foam—which, being very little heavier than the atmosphere, descends slowly, and gives the whole mass an unnaturally sluggish appearance—the dark water might be seen flashing like lightning as it rushed headlong into the abyss below; although its ultimate fate was hidden by a column of vapour, which rose straight up to an immense height, till it faded gradually away in the still cold air. At length the sun appeared, tinging at first only some small clouds around it; but, as it rose higher and higher above the visible horizon, changing gradually the colour of the column of vapour from the top downwards, till at length the whole mass was of the most beautiful rose colour imaginable. This effect could only compare with an American sunset, which on some occasions would silence, I think, those critics who complain of the fantastic colouring of Turner's skies.

I had just enough of money to pay my fare to New York, though a rather scanty allowance for living on the road during a pedestrian journey. Nevertheless, I chose the latter, and having first written home to England, set out on foot for Albany, a distance of rather more than three hundred miles. I stopped, for different reasons, two or three days at various times during my journey, but still I made up the average distance of twenty miles a-day. The cost at the ordinary taverns through the state was a New York shilling, or twelve and a-half cents, for each meal, and the same for a bed. In most cases, however, nothing is charged for lodging, if supper and breakfast are taken at the same place. The meals are generally composed of the same materials; namely, tea and coffee, fried ham swimming in grease, sometimes fowls or fish, potatoes baked and boiled, apple and peach sauce, wheat and corn bread, dough nuts and other kinds of cakes; while apple pies, made in a soup plate, and of which each guest is helped to a quarter, invariably wind up the entertainment. A pot pie is also a favourite dish, by which is understood a pudding formed of some aged 'rooster,' or of the remains of yesterday's dinner, and sometimes of squirrel. It is a curious fact, that I always arrived the day after there had been something good at dinner; the landlord generally informing me, that if I had only come yesterday, I should have eaten one of the finest geese that he ever set eyes upon; but still, who could complain, when

there was only some sixpence or sevenpence to pay? Whenever an empty sleigh passed by, according to the custom here, I might have jumped on without asking the driver's consent; but in general I preferred walking, as riding is very cold, unless one is well wrapped up in furs. Sometimes I entered into conversation with the farmers, who frequently invited me to their houses, and which invitation I sometimes accepted, especially if given when I was looking about for a tavern in which to pass the evening. In the middle of the state they are generally a well-educated and religious people, many of them teetotallers, and possessing an odd mixture of the characteristics of Puritans and Indians. From the latter they have acquired an air of profound indifference, under which, however, is concealed strong curiosity, and no small penetration in discovering other people's affairs. On one occasion I entered a house by the invitation of the 'boss.' He said to his wife—'This gentleman is Mr a-a-Smith, didn't you say?' turning to me. I had not yet mentioned my name, but I took this opportunity of saying that it was one of equal distinction. 'He is goin' to Troy,' continued the host, 'and I have asked him to stop with us to-night;' upon which I could do no less than correct his mistake, and inform him that my destination was Albany.

When a stranger comes in, those members of the family who are not engaged in any work sit down, and assuming a grave and reflective countenance, as if they were musing on the depravity of mankind, leave the conversation at first entirely to the head of the family. The wife occasionally puts in a word, but only when her curiosity is excited beyond the bounds of discretion; for the women here are very quiet, and by no means so fond of hearing their own most sweet voices as travellers pretend they are in some countries. The habit of asking questions, however, is certainly a national characteristic; and although it has been much ridiculed by strangers, I cannot help thinking it to be both natural and proper. The custom descended, no doubt, from the first settlers of the country. Let the veriest cockney in all London, one who boasts that he lives in a street with five hundred other fellow-beings, of whom he neither knows nor cares who is well and who is ill, who is happy or who is wretched—let him live in the backwoods, in a place where perhaps from one month to another he sees no human being but the one or two neighbours who live within several miles of him, and when he meets with a stranger, he will be as eager as any one to inquire about the world he has left behind, and to ask questions such as he would be willing to answer himself. After I knew the country, I always endeavoured to reply to others in a civil good-humoured way, and if I wished information myself, was answered in the like manner; but when I had any reason for withholding a reply as to the point referred to, I told them so, and it was neither intended for, nor considered a cause of offence. Their mode, however, of pumping out information is certainly very ingenious; they set to work in a most systematic manner, pausing for a few minutes after each answer, as if employed in pointing the next question, so as to insure its bringing out as much matter as possible. The following is a specimen:—

'I expect you've travelled a goodish distance?'

'I have come from Canada last.'

'From Kingston, I guess?'

'Yes; I stopped at Kingston some time.'

'I reckon you live to London when you're hum?'

'No; I have been there; but I was raised in Manchester.'

Here one of the boys, finding himself seated next to an Englishman, one of the 'bloody tyrants,' as his school-books tell him, involuntarily bursts out with the exclamation—'Only think!' upon which his father turns round sternly, and guesses that he 'had better go and fodder them horses.'

'Maybe the stranger is goin' to Palmyra,' observes the lady; but she repents it in a moment, for her husband turns round with a look of wrath at this infringement

on his prerogatives, and as punishment to the family in general for the sins thus committed by two of its members, and as a warning for the future, he remains silent and sulky for full ten minutes. However, he finds presently that I am quite willing to speak, and after answering his questions about the sea, the whales, the ship I came over in, and informing him how many times I was sick, and how I felt in that state; when I came to descriptions of England generally, and of London in particular, and of those objects so particularly interesting to Americans, the Tower of London and the Thames Tunnel, all his assumed apathy vanishes. Drawing his chair close to mine, he pours out his questions volley after volley in rapid succession, while the other members of the family, taking courage from his good humour, gradually one by one follow his example, until at length, though I work hard, and turn my head spasmodically from one to another, they get ahead of me in the questions in spite of my utmost. However, at the first pause I take my turn, and begin to retaliate. I ask the host how much land he has, and how much it cost; how many horses, and their value; and inquire the given names (so called because there are very few Christian names in America) and the ages of all his children; who Theodosia, or rather Theodosy, was called after; and whether Ephrosny had had the measles. I may here remark, that I, having old country prejudices strong upon me, took off my hat when sitting down in a private house; but it was a very unnecessary mark of politeness, and one that was not appreciated here.

This was the ordinary form of conversation; but I should have mentioned previously the ordinary introduction of the parties to each other, although this applies to the more western portions of my route. The traveller walks in without knocking, and takes his seat quietly by the fireside. The family look at him gravely, but accidentally, as it were, and without more appearance of interest than if he were a portion of the stool he occupied. His presence is not to be felt; he is to be regarded not as a person who has come in, but as one who is in. Should a meal happen presently to be set down, he in some cases draws in his chair as a matter of course; in others, he receives just such a hint as one of the family might expect. Not a word is said about the duration of the visit. The evening passes in conversation, and when the hour of retiring comes, the goodwife remarks carelessly to her guest, 'I guess you would like to go to bed?' In the morning the stranger gets up when he hears the family stir, and if industriously inclined, goes out with the boss, and puts his hand to any work that may be going on. In due time he returns to breakfast, and sits down to the meal with the independence of a man who has fairly earned his board and lodging.

But the uniformity of the traveller's life is sometimes broken in upon by the incidents which unsettle for a time the best regulated families, such as marriages and deaths, bees or frolics, and evening visitings. As for births, I could never learn that any impropriety of the kind takes place in America. If it does, the whole affair is kept quiet; and as for an announcement of the event in the newspapers, this is an indecorum so monstrous, that I was with difficulty believed when I mentioned it as being a custom in the old country.

There is also, as I hinted in another paper, a custom peculiar to America which is more interesting in idea than reality. One evening I arrived at a log-house, where I intended to pass the night, at so late an hour, that they were just locking up. I crept up to my loft so completely jaded by my long walk through the snow, that I undressed by instinct rather than design, and was more than half asleep before I lay down. My slumber, however, was more feverish than profound; every few minutes I awoke to the consciousness that a human voice was breaking at long intervals the stillness of the night, and at length I opened my weary eyes. A blaze of light came up through the chinks of the rude

floor, and I started to my feet in the idea that the house was on fire. Presently, however, the voice, calm, slow, and monotonous, ascended with an assurance of safety in the formality of its tone, and it was followed by another, appearing to answer in a few monosyllables, and apparently belonging to the softer sex. My alarm was changed to surprise, and leaping out of the bed, I applied my eye to a chink in the floor. On one side of a blazing fire sat a young lady dressed in white muslin, and her hair nicely arranged and wreathed with flowers; on the other, at the distance of several yards, a young gentleman sat as stiff as a poker in his 'go-to-meetin's'—his locks as smart as oil and bristles could make them. Their hands were crossed on their laps, and their eyes fixed on the fire; and as they sat there, mute and motionless, the idea occurred to me of an old German romance, in which certain defunct personages of a bygone generation are represented as passing in this manner the silent watches of the night. At length the gentleman spoke, raising his chin with a jerk towards his companion, but without withdrawing his eyes from the fire, 'I guess it's comin' on to friz again,' said he.

'I guess it is,' was the reply, after several moments' reflection. Another pause took place, and continued so long, that I thought they must already have exhausted the topics of the midnight conference, when at length the deep silence was once more broken.

'Did you like Brother Snodgrass last Sabbath?' said the youth, jerking his chin. The maiden paused, pondered for a while, and then answered and said, 'Some.' By this time my curiosity was abundantly gratified. I had been the accidental witness of a *sparkling* frolic; and thinking to myself that if this be the way they make love in America, I might as well go to sleep, I gathered up my wearied limbs, and re-composed my head on the pillow.

Since I have been in England, I have frequently been asked my opinion of the American character; but this is an absurd question to ask, and one impossible to answer, since America is a confederation of small independent states, many of them presenting aspects and manners as different as the nations of Europe. At any rate it would be difficult to generalise, farther than by mapping out the country into—1st, the Yankees, and the inhabitants of the neighbouring states; 2d, the slaveholders of the south; and, 3d, the inhabitants of the western states, who are a mixture of the other two branches with almost every nation in the world. The first class, who are mostly composed of the descendants of the Germanic family, is the only portion I respect. They possess the characteristics of the stock from which they sprung; namely, industry, enterprise, and perseverance. They are acute in bargaining, as well as in other things; but in spite of their proverbial reputation, cheating can be no more called one of their characteristics than of the inhabitants of Great Britain. The bad qualities of their neighbours have nevertheless been charged to them; and now, when we meet with an American, no matter from what part of the country, we button up our pockets, in the conviction that his countrymen generally are swindlers from the cradle. The best way, however, to judge of the morality of the country, is to read the newspapers, and study the statistics of each state; by which it will be seen that New England stands at the head of all countries in the world with regard to education and the means of obtaining justice; and that, consequently, she possesses a lower amount of crime; while, on the other hand, in the southern and western states, there is more crime, compared with the population, than in most countries in civilised Europe, and that a rich or otherwise powerful man is able to defy the law. The principal faults that we bring against the Yankees are, eating their dinners too fast, spitting, chewing, whittling, and some odd hypocrisy in religious matters; by which it is meant that they, from their early education, pay more attention to forms than we do. As to their religion, we



cannot judge farther than by the number of their churches, and the amount that each person voluntarily lays out for the advancement of the Christian religion, which exceeds that of any other country; and all those who have resided for any time among them can vouch that they are kind to one another, charitable to the afflicted, and a pattern to all mankind in the fulfilment of the domestic relations. When I first came over, I was imbued with certain romantic notions, which made me suppose it impossible that marriages could be happy that were made in such a sober matter-of-business manner as is here the custom. I fancied, at first, that there was either no such thing as love among the Yankees, or that the ladies, by a slight transposition of the words of the poet, have 'loved not well, but too wisely.' I can now, however, bear testimony that unhappy marriages are very rare in New England; although, perhaps, the principal reasons are, that the young men have great advantage in finding out the disposition of their intendeds, as more can be learnt of the character of a woman by watching her for half an hour while engaged in household duties, than by accompanying her to balls and parties for a dozen years together; and the other reason is, that both go to the same school, and are equally educated. There are only two faults that I can bring against the American women; and these are, that they spoil their children, and that they are most uncomfortably clean. They are always washing the floor, or polishing some article of furniture, or blacking the stone. If ever, through forgetfulness, I walked into a room without cleaning my boots, I made a deadly enemy of the lady of the house. Woman has a higher rank in America than in England. She is equal to her husband in education, and is considered by him equal in mind. I have often heard a farmer, when undecided as to some bargain or other matter of business, such as we would suppose woman knows nothing about, and has no right to know, say that he would ask his wife's advice before determining. If he were to do so in England, some facetiously-disposed individual would be sure to resuscitate the old jokes about petticoat government and wearing the breeches. The women never work out-of-doors; the men even milk the cows. Neither do they go down on their knees to scrub the floor, but use a machine on the principle of a mop; and when washing clothes, they spare their fingers by using a fluted board, against which they rub the linen; and some make a still farther improvement by churning the clothes. They have no such scenes here as we show in our collieries, or as I myself have seen even in highly-civilised Scotland, where mere girls labour hard in the fields loading dung-carts.

When I arrived at Albany, I resolved to continue my journey to Boston, which city I was most desirous to see. I walked across the state of Massachusetts; but this route has been already so much described, that I will not dwell upon it. In this state I saw and conversed with many of the Millerites, a sect which endeavoured to prove from the prophecies that the world was to be destroyed on the forthcoming April; and their faith was so great, that many of them did not harvest more corn than was sufficient to support them until the appointed time, and distributed all the money to the poor, doubtless considering it a virtue to do so, although it could be of no use to themselves. I attended two of their meetings; but to me, who had been used to the quiet serious services of the churches of England and Scotland, the sight was very disagreeable. The preacher stamped on the floor, waved his arms, and shouted out to the extent of his voice—the perspiration streaming down his face from the violent exercise. Many of the congregation seemed worked up to perfect frenzy; the young women especially, dressed up in their best clothes, were lying about on the floor, some of them in fits, and screaming for mercy, until even the stentorian voice of the preacher himself was drowned. This sect has done a great deal of harm;

it has filled the mad-houses of the United States, and created dissensions and unhappiness among families. Boston has a very good appearance when approached from the Brighton side; it seems built upon a hill, and the houses, which, seen from this place, are all made with bright-red bricks, rise gradually terrace over terrace, until the whole is crowned by the state house. The city forms a peninsula, connected with the mainland by a narrow isthmus. Boston is the handsomest and cleanest city in the union; Tremont Street and the Common, or Park, cannot be equalled in any town of its size in the world. It is the head quarters of the temperance and anti-slavery causes; and it is also from this 'old cradle of liberty' that missionary and other enterprises, having for their end the good of mankind, chiefly emanate. The chief amusements seem attending lectures on religious, literary, and scientific subjects.

While I was at Boston, the Bunker's Hill monument was opened in great style by the President. I was much pleased with the sight of the veterans of the revolution, who, riding in open carriages, formed part of the procession, and also with the eloquence of Mr Webster, who was orator on the occasion; but all the rest was very ridiculous. On the morning appointed, Mr Tyler rode into Boston in an open carriage, accompanied by his son—who, by the by, is a great genius, having written a five-act tragedy, or an epic poem, or something of the sort—with several carriages following, containing the government officers, and, as one of the newspapers said, the man who bought the copy of Mr Robert Tyler's work. Before the carriage marched one of the volunteer bands, playing the negro tune of 'Get out the Way, old Dan Tucker,' to the great delight of one of the President's slaves, who was seated on the rumble. At first I thought it was intended as an insult, as Mr Tyler is not at all popular; but afterwards I found that it was a tune very much in favour with the worthy citizens who like to play at soldiers.

It now became necessary for me to return to England, as I had received a remittance for that purpose; for although I liked the New England farmers after I began to know them, and would have been content to have spent my life among them, yet all my relations and friends were in 'the old country,' and I had duties to perform which, although forgotten in a moment of enthusiasm, were nevertheless not to be neglected. I accordingly went by the railroad and steamer to New York, and engaged a passage in a 'liner,' or regular emigrant ship, and which conveyance I would advise all who go to America in sailing vessels to choose. We took about twenty days in returning to Liverpool, the passage being always shorter in sailing east than west; the reason for which fact being, as an ingenious gentleman on board informed us, that the voyage is down-hill all the way. In this ship there was a great number of emigrants returning home, some of them not having been able to obtain employment, as many had not got farther in the interior than the city of New York, which is about as good a place for a stranger who is out of work as London is. Some of them were coming back for relations, wives, or sweethearts; and among the number were about a dozen girls who had been in service, and said that they were coming home to see their friends, most of them having saved sufficient money to pay their expenses at home, and carry them out again; but whatever may be the reason, I believe I am stating nothing more than the truth, when I say that the emigrant ships are almost as full on the return as on the outward voyage.

From the result of my own experience, I, however, should say that the western world offers immense advantages to the poor emigrant, especially if he have friends there to advise him. He may in a few years acquire a comfortable independence; and if he be ambitious and persevering, wealth and honours are as open to him as to the highest. Any person will succeed if he have good health, and is willing to put up with hardships for a short time; but, above all, those who have

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large families cannot fall of getting on well, for in America children are more precious than gold.

In finishing this account of my ramble, I cannot help being struck with the meagreness of my acquisitions. I kept no diary, however; I was a hard-working pedestrian, and allowed the scenes of my travels to find their way into my mind as they could, and thoughts stowed in such hidden places are only brought to light by chance. Even now, as I am laying down my pen, a hundred persons and things rise up like spirits to reproach me for having omitted mention of them; and I can only hope that two or three more corners may be allotted me in these pages, for a sketch of some isolated scenes and characters peculiar to the humble life of America, and unlikely to present themselves to the book-making traveller.

### MEN OF THE WORLD.

[Abridged from 'Literary Leaves,' by D. L. Richardson.]

THERE is a great difference between the power of giving good advice and the ability to act upon it. Theoretical wisdom is perhaps rarely associated with practical wisdom; and we often find that men of no talent whatever contrive to pass through life with credit and propriety, under the guidance of a kind of instinct. These are the persons who seem to stumble by mere good luck upon the philosopher's stone. In the commerce of life, everything they touch seems to turn into gold.

We are apt to place the greatest confidence in the advice of the successful, and none at all in that of the unsuccessful, as if fortune never favoured fools nor neglected the wise. A man may have more intellect than does him good, for it tempts him to meditate and to compare, when he should act with rapidity and decision; and by trusting too much to his own sagacity, and too little to fortune, he often loses many a golden opportunity, that is like a prize in the lottery to his less brilliant competitors. It is not the men of thought, but the men of action, who are best fitted to push their way upwards in the world. The Hamlets or philosophical speculators are out of their element in the crowd. They are wise enough as reflecting observers, but the moment they descend from their solitary elevation, and mingle with the thick throng of their fellow-creatures, there is a sad discrepancy between their dignity as teachers and their conduct as actors; their wisdom in busy life evaporates in words; they talk like sages, but they act like fools. There is an essential difference between those qualities that are necessary for success in the world, and those that are required in the closet. Bacon was the wisest of human beings in his quiet study, but when he entered the wide and noisy theatre of life, he sometimes conducted himself in a way of which he could have admirably pointed out the impropriety in a moral essay. He knew as well as any man that honesty is the best policy, but he did not always act as if he thought so. The fine intellect of Addison could trace with subtlety and truth all the proprieties of social and of public life, but he was himself deplorably inefficient both as a companion and as a statesman. A more delicate and accurate observer of human life than the poet Cowper is not often met with, though he was absolutely incapable of turning his knowledge and good sense to a practical account, and when he came to act for himself, was as helpless and dependent as a child. The excellent author of the *Wealth of Nations* could not manage the economy of his own house.

People who have sought the advice of successful men of the world, have often experienced a feeling of surprise and disappointment when listening to their commonplace maxims and weak and barren observations. There is very frequently the same discrepancy, though in the opposite extreme, between the words and the actions of prosperous men of the world that I have noticed in the case of unsuccessful men of wisdom. The former talk like fools, but they act like men of sense; the reverse is the case with the latter. The thinkers may safely direct the movements of other men, but they do not seem peculiarly fitted to direct their own.

They who bask in the sunshine of prosperity are generally inclined to be so ungrateful to fortune as to attribute all their success to their own exertions, and to season their pity for their less successful friends with some degree

of contempt. In the great majority of cases, nothing can be more ridiculous and unjust. In the list of the prosperous, there are very few indeed who owe their advancement to talent and sagacity alone. The majority must attribute their rise to a combination of industry, prudence, and good fortune; and there are many who are still more indebted to the lucky accidents of life than to their own character or conduct.

Perhaps not only the higher intellectual gifts, but even the finer moral emotions, are an encumbrance to the fortune-hunter. A gentle disposition and extreme frankness and generosity have been the ruin, in a worldly sense, of many a noble spirit. There is a degree of cautiousness and mistrust, and a certain insensibility and sternness, that seem essential to the man who has to bustle through the world and secure his own interests. He cannot turn aside, and indulge in generous sympathies, without neglecting in some measure his own affairs. It is like a pedestrian's progress through a crowded street; he cannot pause for a moment, or look to the right or left, without increasing his own obstructions. When time and business press hard upon him, the cry of affliction on the road-side is unheeded and forgotten. He acquires a habit of indifference to all but the one thing needful—his own success.

I shall not here speak of those by-ways to success in life which require only a large share of hypocrisy and meanness; nor of those insinuating manners and frivolous accomplishments which are so often better rewarded than worth or genius; nor of the arts by which a brazen-faced adventurer sometimes throws a modest and meritorious rival into the shade. Nor shall I proceed to show how great a drawback is a noble sincerity in the commerce of the world. The memorable scene between Gil Blas and the archbishop of Toledo is daily and nightly re-acted on the great stage of life. I cannot enter upon minute particulars, or touch upon all the numerous branches of my subject, without exceeding the limits I have proposed to myself in the present essay.

Perhaps a knowledge of the world, in the ordinary acceptance of the phrase, may mean nothing more than a knowledge of conventionalisms, or a familiarity with the forms and ceremonials of society. This, of course, is of easy acquisition when the mind is once bent upon the task. The practice of the small proprieties of life to a congenial spirit soon ceases to be a study; it rapidly becomes a mere habit, or an untroubled and unerring instinct. This is always the case when there is no sedentary labour by the midnight lamp to produce an ungainly stoop in the shoulders, and a conscious defect of grace and pliancy in the limbs; and when there is no abstract thought or poetic vision to dissipate the attention, and blind us to the trivial realities that are passing immediately around us. Some degree of vanity and a perfect self-possession are absolutely essential; but high intellect is only an obstruction. There are some who seem born for the boudoir and the ball-room, while others are as little fitted for fashionable society as a fish is for the open air and the dry land. They who are more familiar with books than with men, cannot look calm and pleased when their souls are inwardly perplexed. The almost venial hypocrisy of politeness is the more criminal and disgusting in their judgment, on account of its difficulty to themselves, and the provoking ease with which it appears to be adopted by others. The loquacity of the forward, the effeminate affectation of the foppish, and the sententiousness of shallow gravity, excite a feeling of contempt and weariness that they have neither the skill nor the inclination to conceal.

A reclus philosopher is unable to return a simple salutation without betraying his awkwardness and uneasiness to the quick eye of a man of the world. He exhibits a ludicrous mixture of humility and pride. He is indignant at the assurance of others, and is mortified at his own timidity. He is vexed that he should suffer those whom he feels to be his inferiors to enjoy a temporary superiority. He is troubled that they should be able to trouble him, and ashamed that they should make him ashamed. Such a man, when he enters into society, brings all his pride, but leaves his vanity behind him. Pride allows our wounds to remain exposed, and makes them doubly irritable; but vanity, as Sancho says of sleep, seems to cover a man all over as with a cloak. A contemplative spirit cannot concentrate its attention on minute and uninteresting ceremonials, and a sense of unfitness for society makes the most ordinary of its duties a painful task. There are some

authors who would rather write a quarto volume in praise of woman, than hand a fashionable lady to her chair.

The foolish and formal conversation of polite life is naturally uninteresting to the retired scholar; but it would, perhaps, be less objectionable if he thought he could take a share in it with any degree of credit. He has not the feeling of calm and unmixed contempt; there is envy and irritation in his heart. He cannot despise his fellow-creatures, nor be wholly indifferent to their good opinion. Whatever he may think of their manners and conversation, his uneasiness evinces that he does not feel altogether above or independent of them. No man likes to seem unfit for the company he is in. At Rome, every man would be a Roman.

The axioms most familiar to men of the world are passed from one tongue to another without much reflection. They are merely parroted. Some critics have thought that the advice which Polonius, in the tragedy of Hamlet, gives his son on his going abroad, exhibits a degree of wisdom wholly inconsistent with the general character of that weak and foolish old man. But in this case, as in most others of a similar nature, we find, on closer consideration, that what may seem at the first glance an error or oversight of Shakspeare's, is only another illustration of his accurate knowledge of human life. The precepts which the old man desires to fix in the mind of Laertes are just such as he might have heard a hundred thousand times in his long passage through the world. They are not brought out from the depths of his own soul; they have only fastened themselves on his memory, and are much nearer to his tongue than to his heart. No one is surprised at the innumerable wise saws and proverbial phrases that issue from the lips of the most silly and ignorant old women in all ranks of life, in town and country, in cottages and in courts. In the conversation of the weakest-minded persons we often find, as in that of Polonius, both 'matter and impertinence mixed.' His advice is not that of a philosopher, but of a courtier and man of the world. He echoes the common wisdom of his associates:—

'Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;  
Take each man's censure,\* but reserve thy judgment.'

He is indebted to his court education for this mean and heartless maxim. To listen eagerly to the communications of others, and to conceal his own thoughts, is the first lesson that a courtier learns. Let us quote another specimen of his paternal admonitions:—

'Neither a borrower nor a lender be;  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.'

Polonius might have picked up this marvellous scrap of prudence in some petty tradesman's shop; not, however, in a pawnbroker's, for the sign of which it would form a very forbidding motto. There are a few precepts in the parting advice of Polonius of a somewhat higher character; but they are only such as float about the world, and are repeated on occasion by all well-intentioned people. They are not of that high and original cast which Shakspeare would have put into the mouth of Hamlet, or any other thoughtful and noble-hearted personage.

It seems paradoxical to affirm that men who are out of the world know more of the philosophy of its movements than those who are in it; but it is nevertheless perfectly true, and easily accounted for. The busy man is so rapidly whirled about in the vast machine, that he has not leisure to observe its motion. An observer stationed on a hill that overlooks a battle can see more distinctly the operations of either army than the combatants themselves. They who have attained success by mere good fortune, are particularly ill-fitted to direct and counsel others who are struggling through the labyrinths of life. A shrewd observer who has touched the rocks, is a better pilot than he who has passed through a difficult channel in ignorance of its dangers.

The extent of a person's knowledge of mankind is not to be calculated by the number of his years. The old, indeed, are always wise in their own estimation, and eagerly volunteer advice, which is not in all cases as eagerly received. The stale preparatory sentence of, 'When you have come to my years,' &c. is occasionally a prologue to the wearisome farce of second childhood. A Latin proverb says that 'experience teacheth.' It sometimes

\* Opinion.

does so, but not always. Experience cannot confer natural sagacity, and without that, it is nearly useless. It is said to be an axiom in natural history, that a cat will never tread again the road on which it has been beaten; but this has been disproved in a thousand experiments. It is the same with mankind. A weak-minded man, let his years be few or numerous, will no sooner be extricated from a silly scrape, than he will fall again into the same difficulty in the very same way. Nothing is more common than for old women (of either sex) to shake with a solemn gravity their thin gray hairs, as if they covered a repository of gathered wisdom, when perchance some clear and lively head upon younger shoulders has fifty times the knowledge with less than half the pretension. We are not always wise in proportion to our opportunities of acquiring wisdom, but according to the shrewdness and activity of our observation. Nor is a man's fortune in all cases an unequivocal criterion of the character of his intellect\* or his knowledge of the world. Men in business acquire a habit of guarding themselves very carefully against the arts of those with whom they are brought in contact in their commercial transactions; but they are, perhaps, better versed in goods and securities than in the human heart. They wisely trust a great deal more to law papers than to 'the human face divine,' or any of those indications of character which are so unerringly perused by a profound observer. A great dramatic poet can lift the curtain of the human heart; but mere men of business must act always in the dark, and, taking it for granted that every individual, whatever his ostensible character, may be a secret villain, they will have no transactions with their fellow-creatures until they have made 'assurance doubly sure,' and secured themselves from the possibility of roguery and imposition. They carry this habit of caution and mistrustfulness to such a melancholy extreme, that they will hardly lend a guinea to a father or a brother without a regular receipt. They judge of all mankind by a few wretched exceptions. Lawyers have a similar tendency to form partial and unfavourable opinions of their fellow-creatures, because they come in contact with the worst specimens of humanity, and see more of the dark side of life than other men. Of all classes of men, perhaps the members of the medical profession have the best opportunity of forming a fair and accurate judgment of mankind in general, and it is gratifying to know that none have a higher opinion of human nature.

It is observable that men are very much disposed to 'make themselves the measure of mankind,' or, in other words, when they paint their fellow-creatures, to dip their brush in the colours of their own heart.

'All seems infected that the infected spy,  
As all seems yellow to the jaundiced eye.'

On the other hand, a frank and noble spirit observes the world by the light of its own nature; and indeed all who have studied mankind without prejudice or partiality, and with a wide and liberal observation, have felt that man is not altogether unworthy of being formed after the image of his Maker.

Though I have alluded to the tendency of some particular professions to indurate the heart and limit or warp the judgment, I should be sorry, indeed, if the remarks that I have ventured upon this subject should be regarded as an avowal of hostility towards any class whatever of my fellow-creatures. I should be guilty of a gross absurdity and injustice, if I did not readily admit that intellect and virtue are not confined to one class or excluded from another. Men are, generally speaking, very much the creatures of circumstance; but there is no condition of life in which the soul has not sometimes asserted her independence of all adventitious distinctions; and there is no trade or profession in which we do not meet with men who are an honour to human nature.

#### THE RATIONALE OF RAILWAY CHARGES.

Another point in dispute is the treatment of third-class passengers. There is no one matter on which a greater display of pseudo-humanity is made than on this. Many persons do not like to confess that they travel in third-class coaches to save their money, and, moreover, they very naturally wish the third-class carriages should be made as comfortable as possible. Now, if people, by ma-

\* There are some few professions, indeed, in which success is a pretty certain indication of learning or of genius.



nifesting great humanity to the poor, can at the same time save their own money, and make themselves more comfortable, the display of tenderness is likely to be abundant. Third-class carriages, which certainly are more comfortable than outside seats on coaches, are called 'pig-boxes,' in order to teach the poor man that he is 'insulted' by being told to get into one. Having carried his bundle a couple of miles (for poor people do not employ porters), he is 'contemptuously treated' when desired to put it into the wagon. At one time there had been several accidents from trains being run into from behind, and practical men entertained conflicting opinions as to whether there was most danger to be apprehended from this source or from the engine running off the rails. On those lines where the speed was very great and the gauge wide, accidents to slow trains from collision from behind seemed the most probable, and the passenger-carriage was therefore placed in front of the train. This was represented as a scheme for preventing people using that carriage at all, and was called 'a disgraceful and monstrous plan of intimidating the poorer class of passengers.' If the directors had really wished to compel passengers to use the dear instead of the cheap carriage, they would have easily attained it by the very simple expedient of taking off the third-class carriage altogether. But where authors are engaged in pandering to the passions of the multitude, they prefer imputing to individuals the most incredible and useless wickedness, rather than admit a commonplace explanation.

The coaches between London and Bristol were fourteen hours on the road, the stage wagons two and a half days; the much-abused slow trains on the Great Western perform the same journey in nine and a half hours. The injury and indignity shown by the railway company to the poor consists, then, in enabling them to perform this journey in two-thirds of the time formerly required by the rich, and one-sixth of the time they themselves would have spent. Yet, in defiance of these facts, we hear those who had neither sense nor enterprise to forward these great undertakings now turning round on their benefactors, and describing as an insult and injury one of the greatest boons ever conferred on the poorer classes.

As to the outside of a coach in bad weather, that is, nine times out of ten, it was one of the most disagreeable modes of locomotion ever devised, an American stage over a corduroy road being the worst. After some winters spent in Sweden, Mr Laing declared that he had never suffered so much from cold as when travelling in England on the tops of coaches. It is all very well for authors to describe in glowing terms the miseries and insults to which third-class passengers on railways are exposed. The reality is quite the reverse. Otherwise how should we hear at railway meetings the reiterated and piteous complaints of directors that the rich will persist in going into these vehicles; merchants, bankers, dignitaries of the church, members of parliament, gentlemen who have no predilection for being miserable, and no notion at all of exposing themselves to insult, button up their coats (and pockets), and ask for third-class tickets. There is nothing more impossible than to provide for the poor those comforts which the wealth of the rich enables them to command; there is a higher agency concerned in this than even railway directors. There are some gentlemen who advocate very strongly the propriety of covering over third-class carriages, and others who comment pretty severely on the inhumanity of directors in exposing the poor to the merciless severity of the blast of winter. If this reasoning is sound, why is it not applied to the proprietors of stage-coaches? Is Mr Purcell a wretch, because he does not provide a covering for his outside passengers? or is Mr Crawl a brute, because he does not find inside places for those who pay outside fares? Deck passengers in a steamer on a rough night are worse off than third-class passengers on a railway. They are never invited into the cabin with cabin passengers, and yet the St George Steam-boat Company divide their gains, without fearing a leading article in the Times. There is nothing on railways different from this, that all the rules of trading should be reversed, and that people should argue that the poor man who pays 2s. 6d. should receive the same accommodation as the richer man who pays 3s. 6d. For civility, punctuality, and general regularity, the railway system is far beyond anything ever known.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

[This is a just and praiseworthy defence of the railway proprietors. The difference between railway and stage-coach travelling is nearly all the difference between civilization and barbarism. In the one case, a passenger feels

that he is under the care of the most enlightened class of his fellow-creatures; what he too often feels in the other case, it is needless to specify. And this is simply because railway travelling arrangements are on such a large and liberal scale, as to allow of a superior class of officials being employed. What is said here about third-class trains is perfectly true. The shabby rich, by the disposition they show to make use of these trains, are the sole cause of their being made less comfortable than they otherwise would need to be. We have been astounded to hear that men worth scores of thousands have not scrupled to use third-class carriages on the Greenock Railway: some have even purchased camp-stools on which to seat themselves in these carriages. It should be held up to universal contempt, as a practice not only mean in itself, but inhuman, as it tends to deprive the poor of comforts that otherwise would flow to them.]

#### METALLIZATION OF WOOD.

Of the several patented processes for rendering wood thoroughly impervious to rot, the ravages of insects, and the action of fire, that of Mr Payne is considered by competent judges as one of the most effectual. The merit of the invention—according to the Polytechnic Magazine, from which we take the substance of our notice—consists in the circumstance, that it does not merely impregnate timber with metallic preparations, but by means of chemical decomposition actually fossilizes, so to speak, the substance acted upon; and by a combination of agencies, all of them quite inconsiderable in point of cost, creates of the wood an entirely new insoluble, durable, and unflammable matter. If these results can be obtained at a small expense and in a short period, and the metallized wood be rendered elastic or non-elastic as required, and be so granulated externally and internally as to adapt it with perfect safety for pavements and other purposes, a complete revolution may be reasonably anticipated in some of the most important branches of industry. For instance, it would be of immense utility in countries where houses are built of wood; it would greatly diminish casualties by fire, increase the value of timber-forests in the vicinity of railways and other similar undertakings, and indeed affect the *modus operandi* of every profession connected with engineering, ship-building, and carpentry.

The process consists in placing the timber to be operated upon first in a vacuum in a solution of sulphate of iron, which is made thoroughly to saturate it by exhaustion and pressure. A similar mode is then followed with a solution of the muriate of lime, and within the pores of the wood there is thus created, by decomposition, an insoluble sulphate of lime. It therefore appears that the principle acted upon by the inventor was, that the source of decay exists in the very nature and properties of the wood itself, and that a complete change must be effected in its structure by the permeation of a substance capable of resisting external influences and arresting internal decay. By previously-discovered processes, various metallic oxides (the expensive ones of mercury and copper) and alkalies had been, by means of exhaustion and pressure, introduced into the cells of the wood; but it was reserved for Mr Payne to overcome an objection common to all these processes; namely, the liability to a disunion of the solutions. This difficulty is met by the introduction of certain saline substances which prevent any such disunion taking place; and herein consists much of the merit of the patent.

The most porous, the softest, and consequently the cheapest woods, continues our authority, under this process, are rendered equal, in point of usefulness, durability, and strength, to the hardest and best descriptions of timber. Not only is the beech rendered equal to the oak, but made to partake of metallic qualities even more lasting than timber which at present is threefold its price. Wood so prepared—even deal—becomes susceptible of the finest polish; and moreover, by the use of certain solutions, can be stained throughout with any variety of colour. In ship-building and in house-building it would come into advantageous use, with the peculiar recommendation that the inferior woods of home and colonial growth would become at once more valuable in the market. Perhaps the most important fact connected with Paynized timber is its applicability not only for railway sleepers, but actually as a substitute for iron rails, for which purpose it is now being tested on several lines, and so far as experiment goes, promises to be preferable to iron, offering nearly as little friction, and presenting a better bite to the wheels, which